THE Johnson Journal

Fall Issue December, 1941

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

Vol. XVII FALL ISSUE, DECEMBER, 1941 No. 8

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Norman Andrew

Assistant Editors . . . Barbara Bannan, Constance Fitzgerald, Joan Fitzgerald, Ursula Fitzgerald, Ann LaFountain

News Editor . . . . . Beatrice Britton

Reporters . . . . . Deirdre Ryan, Mary Wilkinson

Sports Editors . . . . . Frank Stewart, Barbara Earl

Alumni Editor . . . . . Barbara Colebrooke

Exchange Editor . . . . . Doris Wilson

Art Editor . . . . . Louise Lafond

Humor Editor . . . . . Frances Peel

Photography . . . . . Dennis Connelly, Doris Wilson

Business Staff

Business Manager . . . . . Donald Hilton

Advertising Committee

James Bannan, Edward Bardsley, Chester Crampton, William Coppinger, Phyllis Dearden, John Detora, Marilyn Drummond, Barbara Earl, Ursula Fitzgerald, Raymond Lawton, Earle Tracy, Mary Wilkinson

Faculty Adviser . . . . . Miss Edith Pierce

Table of Contents

	Page
Editorial	2
Literary	4
Athletics	15
Chatter	16
Gleanings	16

EDITORIAL

PARABLE FROM SMOKE

As I trudged home from school one afternoon, trying to think of a subject for an editorial, my train of thought was interrupted as I had to stop and wait while a slow freight train passed. As I stood waiting, I became conscious of a thick, black, dense cloud of smoke which seemed to be pressing downward on the earth trying to smother all forms of life and which, enveloping me, created an almost complete oblivion which was anything but pleasant. As I looked up to ascertain its source, I became aware of two smoke-stacks jutting forth from the top of the locomotive. From one poured forth this black smoke, but from the other a white smoke was issued which seemed to waft heavenward.

This everyday occurrence set me thinking how these two columns of smoke resembled the two real classes of people—the good and the evil. The black smoke represents those individuals with few or no ideals and aims, who live life the easy way. In this group is found the criminal, the shirker, the gambler, and all other groups bearing the label "anti-social." These people are descendants of the Muckraker from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. They deal with the scum of life. They are the people who have "lost the beam" and who have learned from experience that it is much harder to rise from the underworld than it is to keep out of it. These people are poorly rounded, poor citizens, a burden to society, and it is they who, like the column of smoke, fall downward and choke out the good in the world.

The white smoke, on the other hand, represents those people who have established high aims and ideals and who have clung to the old straight and narrow path to achieve their goals. They may often have been tempted to turn away from the beam, but a strong will has kept them from yielding. They are not faultless individuals. They may have many bad faults, but they are constantly trying to overcome them instead of saying, "Yes, I know that this is wrong and I should not do it, but everybody else does and it's my nature and I'll just have to become resigned to it." They are the people who try to better themselves, who live for the finer things in life, who do not stoop to the filth and vice of the gutter. These people are the good citizens, the well-rounded individuals, the salt of the earth, and they, like the white column of smoke, shall rise to greater heights and achieve higher goals, and in the end shall waft heavenward.

Norman W. Andrew, '42

CAN'T WE TRY?

Well, we haven't seen anything done yet to help us to get our new high school, have we? Remember the day last year that the Legionnaire came here to the high school and instead of talking about Memorial Day as we expected, started talking about a new high school? He told us that if we do want a new high school, we, the pupils, must get busy to show people that we want it. Let's put some pep into it and show him that his words really did some good. We can at least try, can't we?

Lillian Monson, '43

WHAT I AM PROUD OF

I'm proud of lots of things, but most of all I'm proud of America. I'm proud of the fields with the breath of wind ruffling through tall stacks of stately grain. I'm proud of her fields of finely furrowed rows and I'm proud of her great industrial centers with smoke curling heavenward in thin coils. Next, I'm proud of her cities and towns. Be it a small, sleepy village on the shores of the Mississippi or a teeming metropolis, I'm proud of it.

I'm proud of America's ambitions. We are striving to keep democracy alive in this war-torn, war-crazed world. I'm proud of the fact that we can have and do have freedom of religion, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press.

I'm proud to think that faith, hope and charity live in every American heart. To live in this world we must first have faith. Faith in God, for God is the only staple thing today in this world, and faith in America and her ideals. Hope comes next. What and where would faith be without hope? We must hope and believe in God and America.

America seems to me to be Utopia. What other countries have the opportunities that we have? None. But do we appreciate our blessings? We have much to be thankful for.

Last, America has charity or love in her heart. We do not degrade a person because of religion or nationality. We respect the clause in our Declaration of Independence which says that each has the right to worship as he pleases.

I'm proud that in America "all men are created equal." May it always be so!

Mary Wilkinson, '43

UNITED WE STAND

In these trying times when the fate of our nation hangs in balance, we must forget all petty grievances and work together to achieve victory. We must unite. In time of war there can be only one party in the United States—the American party. There must be no internal strife if democracy is to triumph. To do this we must all co-operate. We cannot win if everyone works for himself alone, without regard for the welfare of all.

We have the moral advantage in this war, the satisfaction of knowing that we are backing a righteous cause, that God is on our side and that no matter what happens we must come out on top in the end. It will be a long, hard struggle and often it will seem as if we haven't a chance, but we've got to keep our spirits up, we've got to believe with all our hearts that nothing can stop us. This war in which the whole world is involved is unlike any other which has ever taken place on earth. It is a terrible war of gas, bombs, civilian killings and unheard of cruelties. It is a war of nerves, a war of propaganda, a war in which the morale of the civilians counts as much if not more than the morale of the enlisted men. For the first time since we gained our independence in the American Revolution, America has been invaded. Every single man, woman and child in this great country of ours must remember that courage and bravery which those pioneers showed, the intense love and the faith they had in that cause, the same cause for which we are now fighting on a much larger scale. The neighboring countries of the Americas have shown their faith in the United States. Now we've got to show ours!

Deirdre Ryan, '44

LITERARY

A CANDY SHOP WINDOW

A fat, jolly, cotton-stuffed Santa Claus, seated in a tinsel-decked sleigh drawn by eight miniature reindeer, was the center of attraction. He was so lost in a heap of Christmas candies, that I wondered how he managed to remain in the sleigh, instead of hopping out to gobble up all the goodies in sight. Two immense chocolate bells, wrapped in silver paper and tied with gay crimson ribbons, hung from above. I was *positive* I could sniff the spicy and pungent odors of cinnamon, clove, peppermint, and molasses-flavored ribbon candy which was directly in Saint Nick's path. To the right was a mouth-watering tray of chocolate creams and cherry cordials. Little children, their noses pressed flat against the steam-veiled windows, gazed longingly at a holly-decked plate of butter-crunch in the foreground. Beside this was some golden-brown nut-laden peanut brittle. Frosty-white sugar candies glistened within a tiny green wreath at the extreme left. In a similar setting, hard candies in vivid blues, greens, reds, yellows, and purples balanced the extreme right. Red and white candy canes were everywhere, big, little, and medium sized. I could almost taste their cool minty flavor. The display window of a candy shop at Christmas time always fascinates me.

Barbara Colebrooke, '42

LISTENING TO A DRY SPEAKER WHILE SITTING ON A HARD CHAIR

Have you ever had to sit still for an hour or more just listening to a dry speaker? If you have, you no doubt know what an awful experience it is. Especially if you are sitting on a hard chair.

First you sit on one side of the chair and listen for a few minutes, then you twist and turn and sit on the other side. After about fifteen minutes it seems as though you just can't sit still a minute longer, but you settle down for a few more minutes and start thinking what a wonderful time you could be having if you weren't there. Then you start to twist and turn again and maybe cough a little, but still you know you've got to sit still and act as though you were interested or answer to your parents afterwards for misbehaving.

After about three-quarters of an hour or more you hear the speaker saying, "I know I've spoken longer than I should have but ——." He

then goes on to say why and you have to sit through probably another half hour just listening to him talk about nothing in particular. Finally he is through. Everybody claps, but almost everybody is clapping because the speaker is through talking, instead of clapping because they enjoyed his speech.

Miriam Weatherbee, '44

THE HISTORY OF LONG ISLAND

It is strange that more tourists who visit the Lake Winnepesaukee region do not visit Long Island, that largest and most interesting island in the lake. This island includes eleven hundred and seventy-four acres. Its shores are lined with rocks except where there is an occasional stretch of sandy beach. It is about two and a half miles in length and one-half mile in width at the widest point. It is connected with the northern shore of the lake by a large bridge. There are some patches of open field on the island, but for the most part it is covered with woods. There is a small pond located near the center of the island.

In the days before the Revolution, Long Island was the scene of Indian camps during the summer. It is believed that the island was at one time connected with the mainland, but that the Indians dug a channel for their protection.

In 1782, the island was divided into sections by the Masonian Grant, and a few years later it was settled by three families. Farmlands were cleared and a crude bridge was built to allow wagons to pass to and from the mainland.

The northeastern shore of the island was for many years a famous shipbuilding center for the boats that plied between the various villages and harbors on the lake. Here were constructed such famous paddle-wheel steamers as the Lamphrey and the Belle of the Isles.

Long Island is noted for an experiment in wheat growing in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and the largest yield of wheat per acre in the United States was made on this island.

At one time Dr. Greene, a self-styled doctor and maker of the widely advertised "Dr. Greene's Nervura," built a shingled castle on one of the highest points of the island. This castle was a landmark for many years, but burned down in 1920. The attractive garden, which had been a point of interest connected with the castle, has now become a tangled wilderness.

Today the island is a quiet place quite apart from the world. There is nothing left of the boat-building industries, the fields of wheat no longer wave in the breeze. The sturdy old farmhouses are deserted, or made over into summer homes. The glory of the island is a memory of the past.

Kenneth L. Carvell, '43

ON RENDERING A PIANO SOLO

Glancing casually about this brightly-lighted room, your eyes may rest on a particular face in the corner, the eyes of which are gazing raptly toward the piano in the far corner of the room where a youthful virtuoso displays her talents. This face is suffused by a ruddy glow. The eyes are feverishly bright. The fluttering hands of this individual betray the agitation of their possessor.

To be brief, I am the owner of the above described objects. The occasion is the John Orth Club, at which, tonight, I will render a piano solo, "Day Dreams."

The music ceases; the audience clap their approval of the last rendition, which the pianist radiantly acknowledges.

As through a mist, I hear my name being called. I rise unsteadily to my feet and approach the piano, acutely aware of twenty pairs of eyes following me. The thought that I should coyly have become ill at the last moment flashes through my mind. I find myself seated at the piano, my hands on the keyboard, and then, astonishingly, I am playing the opening chords.

Somehow I crash stormily through the three pages, making, not my usual mistakes, but errors I have never made before. However, I believe (and sincerely pray) that my audience are not aware of my several blunders.

I have reached the end of my piece. In a dazed fashion I stare around at those twenty pairs of eyes. As a gentle burst of applause breaks in upon my brain, I flash them a dazzling smile and triumphantly return to my seat.

Barbara Dandeneau, '44

OH, YES, THE ENGLISH THEME!

Here I sit, absently gazing out of the window, wondering what one should write for an English theme.

My gaze returns to the room. As I look about I see many different faces, each an open book of personality.

The girl in front of me dreamily gazes out of the window, also. She is indifferent to anything not immediately concerning herself, and always has a bored air. Her clothes have been selected with the utmost care; her hair is carefully in place. I turn back to my theme. WHAT shall I write about?

Down the row is a tall, lanky boy of seventeen. He is so tall his legs consume a great deal of space in the aisles. He plays on the football team. He has a likable personality, but is rather shy and reserved. He heaves a great sigh while pondering over his history problems.

Once more I return to the subject at hand. The time is growing shorter. I must stop day-dreaming.

Beside me is the wizard of my English class. She knows all the answers. Her clothes are neat, but her hair is a mad scramble. She has a worried frown on her brow. "If she were in my place, she'd have something to worry about," I thought wearily.

I am really beginning to be worried, but I can't seem to concentrate.

Down in the front seat, a boy is making a good deal of noise. He is perpetually in trouble. At present he is giving a long list of excuses for not making up last term's work.

Oh me— — the theme is still far away. In a minute the bell will ring.

Ohhhhh—where has the period gone? It seems to have flown by! Well, perhaps I can think of something to write about in French class. There's the bell! I just don't see why the study periods are so short!

Carolyn Welch, '43

IN THE EVERGLADES

My grandfather and his companions were working in the Everglades, Florida, on an extraordinarily warm day in 1876. He and his companion had started to chop a heavy, thick and tall tree. Before they were through they had to stop. The terrific heat was stronger that day than it had been since he had started working. His companion suggested that they stroll along by the swamp and marsh lands to cool them-

selves. They walked about a half mile and decided that a certain place was suitably cool. His companion (Jack) found a stump on which he could sit. My grandfather was looking for a place when he saw indistinctly a large, greenish brown log. He advanced towards the object and was about to sit down as his companion shouted, "Don't sit there." My grandfather looked again and saw an alligator instead of the log he had thought it to be. They quickly hurried away and my grandfather said he'd look twice before he sat down again.

Phyllis Dearden, '44

A CAMPING EXPERIENCE

When I was on a camping trip with my uncle, we had many experiences. The best one was a snake and frog fight.

One day while stopping for supper, I started to gather some firewood. I heard a hissing sound. There, at the end of a log, was an immense water snake. Following with my eyes to where the snake was looking, I saw a large frog sunning himself on a rock. Unaware of the snake's presence he kept on croaking. Suddenly the frog stopped croaking, for in front of him was the snake. Staring at the frog, the snake slowly moved forward. The frog looked hypnotized. He did not move. Suddenly the snake lunged forward. The frog was just about to leap when he was caught in mid-air. In a split-second the frog disappeared. As the frog disappeared a large lump appeared in the snake's throat. The snake had swallowed the frog whole.

When I got back to camp, I told my uncle what had happened. When we arrived at the place where the battle had taken place there was no snake to be found. After a few minutes' search we found the snake dead under a bush. Thus the snake had ended his life by his own greediness.

Albert Knuepfer, '45

ONE USE OF ORATORY

With melodramatic swiftness the speaker pointed at the audience and asked a question in a voice that rang with dynamic vigor, "Will you stand for such tyranny?" The murmur from the multitude rose in a deafening roar as they answered the question that had been asked them.

On the pages of history great things are said to have been done, and behind these incidents one can find oratory as the power that caused these incidents to be accomplished. Great leaders have always been able to address a crowd no matter where they were. Their power is generally conceded to lie in their ability to speak. Their voice can make the masses follow them blindly. When two leaders oppose each other, the one with the greater power of speech and oratory has an advantage.

For instance, in the modern world a dictator can arouse the people into such a frenzied wrath that they are willing to go out and kill and be killed because he asks them to do so because they are supposedly oppressed by other nations.

Thus the value of oratory is a value that can never be doubted as the power behind leadership.

Virginia Wood, '43

PLAYGROUNDS AS A METHOD OF CRIME PREVENTION

In large cities, there are parts of the city where there are many houses having only one or two rooms which are very dark and dingy. In these houses there are no sanitary facilities. The children who live in them

have to play in alleys and in the streets. Since there are no playgrounds or other places of amusement, many of the children spend their time hanging around street corners where they meet the wrong sort of people and get into trouble. This usually starts them on their road to crime.

To help these poor unfortunate children, playgrounds should be established. There are many empty lots in the cities which could be cleared and made into playgrounds. A few reliable persons who are unemployed, could be hired as supervisors of these playgrounds, to guide the children in their play.

The children would benefit greatly by playgrounds because they would now have a safe place in which to play and would no longer need to play in the streets or in the dark, unhealthy alleys. They would also have an opportunity to meet the right sort of people.

If the children had playgrounds in which they could play, and supervisors to watch over them, they would become better citizens because they would acquire a knowledge of fair play and would also become honest and trustworthy. Playgrounds would be a great help in preventing crime. They would be of value to the children themselves, and also to the community in which these children live.

Elizabeth Wentworth, '42

OH. YES! THE TIME

One day as I was tripping into the room, I heard the ticking of the clock and that caused me to look around at it with great astonishment. The clock sits on the mantelpiece with paper under one corner where the mantel is warped. When the paper slips out, the ticking immediately stops. Of course, the clock is not a new one at all. It has belonged to the family for many years. It was ours before my father's time. Let me see, I think my grandfather bought it. As I think again, it wasn't my grandfather, it was his brother. Yes, now I'm right. Mother told me all about the clock and I had forgotten what she told me until this minute. To tell the truth my grandfather's brother didn't buy the clock—he traded for it. He gave two pigs and a saddle for it. The clock is not valuable, like a grandfather's clock, though it is an antique. As I was saying in the beginning, I glanced at it. It read "ten minutes to twelve." I remember the time very well, for just at that moment the mill whistle blew and I remembered saying to myself, "It's ten minutes slow today." You see, the clock is old and is not kept oiled and so it's forever losing time. I try to set it up each day—sometimes I set it up twice a day—and I usually go by the mill whistle. Well, anyhow, that told me what time it was.

Louise Lafond, 43

HOW

From every side a multitude of "How's" assail you. Magazines, newspapers, radio, pamphlets, books, billboards, and bulletin-boards scream that they are willing, anxious, and able to help you by showing you how to do everything from "learning to dance in ten easy lessons" to "becoming a Selitquick salesman." They point out to you the roads to popularity, prosperity, ability, and knowledge.

"How to be popular" is one cry of the people these numerous authorities attempt to answer. The answer to this prominent query seems to be to learn to dance, to learn to speak French, to acquire that school girl

complexion, to wear Molder foundation garments, to use hair tonic which rids your hair of its patent leather shine, to polish your shoes, never to be guilty of gaposis, to buy Dr. Wiser's Five-Foot Shelf, to own a 1941 automobile, to learn what to say on all occasions, to write to Frances Fixit for the answer to *your* personal problem, to cure your danderuff. Simple, isn't it?

There are two schools of thought among those who have scaled the heights of popularity and reached the class whose motto is "A party a night and you're of the elite," by one or more of these methods. The first is to learn at home by the aid of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People," and Loren Carroll's "Conversation Please." The second believes that home courses are not the key, but that you must go to Arthur Murray or Madame Futurist to learn your chosen weapon with which to do battle for your place in society.

Millions of people yearn for millions of accomplishments, or so we are led to believe, and other millions of people reap the harvest from their lofty desires in the more worldly things. Advertising artists, models, publishers, drug store clerks, dancing teachers, advice-to-the-lovelorn writers, chemists, and typesetters are as happy upon receiving specie for their efforts in gratifying these extensive desires as the purchaser is over finding beneath his hand for the mere conning of directions the path to a new position as airplane mechanic.

Then there is the "how" for the ambitious contestant. This alluring field contains such opportunities as "How to win $1,000.00 by writing a letter telling why *you* use Fluffy cotton," "How to win a case of cereal by sending in a question and a box top," "How to stump the experts." The prizes are varied. The contests are in every field. You write letters, poetry, and questions, take photographs, draw cartoons, solve riddles, list objects beginning with A which are found in a drawing, compose music, identify songs, and in return may win money, mirrors, monkeys, marshmallows, melons, medicines, and marigolds, flowers, flour, flivvers, fats, and furs, typewriters, thermometers, and sets of Thackeray.

The eternal presence of "how" in our advertising matter is not at all amazing in view of the greeting always on the lips of all English speaking peoples. "How do you do?" they ask. "How are you?" you hear. Thus taking advantage of a "how" satisfies the very human trait, curiosity. In addition, it thrives on our ambitions and ideals. We strive to become cultured, successful, wealthy, happy, and beloved. We reach for and grasp the things we think are going to help fulfill an ambition, and ideal. And maybe it makes us a bit gullible.

Phyllis Terret, '42

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I EVER MET

Her name ——. Her name being of small importance, you shall know her as Susan, Susan Brown. Miss Susan, although slightly more than middle aged is young in spirit. She is a short, plump, motherly type of woman, with iron-grey hair and a calm face. This is one of her most outstanding features, the calm and peace that lies over her face. She works in a radio studio. Twice a week, on her own program, she tells of her travels, gives advice, and tries to be helpful. Taking pictures is one of her hobbies, as is reading, sewing,

hiking, and sliding in the winter, and of course, as this is Miss Susan, spending a great deal of her time on charities. Children she loves, and she has a large following who worship her. Miss Susan is one of the finest examples of a contented, happy, peaceful, person. Yet this is strange, Miss Susan Brown is blind!

June Sperry, '43

THE HUNT

The trumpets blared a mighty sound
To announce the dawn of day.
The hunters wakened from their sleep,
And were up and on their way.

The hunters gathered to begin
Their merry, merry chase.
The barking dogs and shouting men
Set off at a merry pace.

The bright red coats shone in the sun,
The horses of chestnut brown
Dashed up the hills and in the woods
And through the quaint old town.

The yelping of the dogs announced
That they had found the trail.
They darted after the fleeing fox
Determined not to fail.

The horses hurried on and on
Till all their strength was spent.
The hunters knew this fateful fact,
Of this they did lament.

Dejected now they turned around
And homeward bound they fled,
But far away into the hill
The crafty fox had sped.

Ann La Fountain, '44

HOMEWORK

Homework is a drudge, I say
Five times a week, three hours a day
There's English, 'n French, 'n type, 'an history,
But shorthand is the greatest mystery.
A wee mark here, a circle there,
One little outline, with plenty to spare,
A short dash for an "n," a dot for an "a,"
A long dash for "m," a line for the "j."

It's much more fun to sing or dance,
Or skate, or ride, or drive by chance
Or even just to stare and sit.
How I'd love to forget about it.

Claire Lambert, '43

STYLE?

It's my belief, that to a lad
Dirty shoes are quite the fad.
Brown and white (which now is yellow)
Make him think he's quite the fellow.
Long in length, with turned-up toes,
That is how the fashion goes.

Boys are not the only folks
Who wear these new and well-liked boats;
Girls and teachers, father and child
Take quite well to this popular style.

Teachers think they're more sensible, too.
Those high-heeled spikes they call a shoe!
But mothers and children are always fighting
On that well-known subject,
"Those shoes need whitening."

Bernice Lefebvre, '43

EXCHANGES

The Cryptian—Crypt School, Gloucester, England.

Your issue was excellent. We enjoyed your frank comments about members of your Cricket team. Your editorial page was tops.

The Cub—Ipswich High

Your Diary is still very good and interesting. Interviewing new teachers was a good idea.

RECORD

SENIOR - FRESHMAN DANCE

On November 6, the seniors entertained the freshmen at the annual Senior-Freshman dance. The committee included: Frank Stewart, John Martin, Thelma Champion, Neil Keating, Ruth Diamont, Beatrice Britton.

Entertainment was provided by the play, "The Pampered Darling," which was directed by Miss Green. The cast of seniors included: Barbara Colebrooke, Jacqueline Hutton, Evelyn Lee, Norman Andrew, Julius Ceplikas, Elizabeth Renault, Frances Peel, Ruth Diamont, Neil Keating, Julius Pierog, Earl Blackstock. Jean Swanston was property manager. Freshmen and seniors both danced to the music of the nickelodeon, which had also been used by the seniors to teach the freshmen to dance. Refreshments of cider and doughnuts were served after the grand march.

Misses Clara and Veva Chapman, Miss Green, Miss McAloon, and Mr. Donovan were the teachers who were present. Mr. Pitkin and Mr. Hayes were also there for a short time.

ELECTIONS

In the class elections held in September, the class officers of last year were, for the most part, re-elected. The freshmen were unable to elect a class secretary due to the fact that some of the students cast a number of extra votes. The official returns are as follows:

Senior Class

President — Frank Stewart.
Vice President — John Martin.
Secretary — Thelma Champion.

Junior Class

President — Leo Lafond.
Vice President — John Farrell.
Secretary — Barbara Earl.

Sophomore Class

President — Raymond Sullivan.
Vice President — Paul Hulub.
Secretary — Marion Stewart.

Freshman Class

President — William McEvoy.
Vice President — John Ward.

ADMISSION .27
TAX .03
TOTAL .30

PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

Monday, December 8, the nation heard President Roosevelt ask Congress to declare war on Japan. The student body was assembled in the hall in order to hear this epoch-making address. Unfortunately, the proceedings in the House of Representatives, as rapid as they were, were too slow to permit us to remain to hear the vote.

AIR RAID WARDENS

In response to the office's call for boys to act as air raid wardens, there were twenty volunteers. The duties of these boys will be to man the look-out station, which operates on a twenty-four hour schedule, in three hour shifts during the Christmas holidays and perhaps during other vacations. They are expected to begin next week. They will be relieving Brooks School students who regularly man the station, but who will be away during the Christmas holidays.

SOPHOMORE - JUNIOR DANCE

Sophomores and juniors thronged to their annual class dance on Friday, December 12. The chaperons were Mr. Cavalieri, and the Misses Kelley, Torpey, and Neal.

Expenses:

Decorations	$2.00
Refreshments	6.47
Janitor	3.00
Policeman	3.00
Federal Tax	2.28
Total	$16.75
Total receipts	$19.00
Net profit	2.25

The profit is to be divided evenly between both classes.

CHEER LEADERS' TREAT

On Tuesday, December 9, the members of the football team were the guests of the cheer leaders at the hockey game between the Boston Bruins and the Chicago Blackhawks in Boston. Garneau's bus furnished the transportation, and after the game, supper was enjoyed at Sailor Tom's.

CLASS OF 1941 ROLL CALL

Ruth Atkinson—at home.
Elaine Ayer—at home.
Laurel Ayer—Arlington Mill Laboratory.
June Barnard—post graduate at Johnson.
Eleanor Barrington—McIntosh.
William Bartley—Davis & Furber.
Barbara Bishop—in Florida.
Bernice Brierly—Burdette. Andrew Wilson Co.
Raymond Broadhead—Wood Mill. U S Navy
Thomas Calzetta—Davis & Furber.
Mary Carroll—McIntosh.
Frank Carvell—Davis & Furber.
Madeline Cashman—Simmons.
Joyce Chadwick—Mary Washington.
Frederick Chase—Davis & Furber. U S Coast Guard
Marguerite Costello—Jackson.
Irene Curry—Woolworth's.
Evelyn Dawson—Mary Washington.
Barbara Dearden—Simmons.
James Dewhirst—Sutton's Mill.
William Donahue—Stevens' Mill.
Philip Donnelly—Bolta Rubber.
Katherine Earl — Kent's Hill School.
George Emmons—Chawncey Hall.
Glenn Farley—Lawrence Academy at Groton.
Elaine Farnham—at home.
Ernest Fickenworth — Stevens' Mill. U S Navy
Joseph Finneran—Harvard.
Alexander Fraser — will attend Mass. Nautical School.

Pauline Frost—cashier at Majestic Bowling Alleys.

Robert Garneau—Boston University.

Virginia Gile—Lowell Teachers' College.

John Greenler—Boston College.

James Guthrie—in New Jersey.

Wilma Haddow—Duck Mill.

Dorothy Harris—Pacific Mill.

Sylvia Harris—Academie Moderne School of Modeling.

Shirley Harrison—married Russell Donnelly.

George Hayes—Franklin Tech.

Eliza Hebb—Essex Agricultural School.

Betty Hopping—taking a Nurse's training course.

Thomas Howard—Wood Mill.

Doris Jackson—~~Jackson~~. SIMMONS

Sarah Jacobs—McIntosh.

Norma Keith—at home.

Elaine Kelly—Burdett's.

Ruth Kennedy—will train at the Deaconess.

Robert Kimel—Phillips Academy.

Oliver Kirk—Kirk's Food Market.

Charlotte Krushwitz—Essex Agricultural School.

Constance Krushwitz—Essex Agricultural School.

William Lafond—Davis & Furber.

Helen Lang—Mary Washington.

Ethel Lawton—McIntosh Business School.

Frances Lefebvre—McIntosh Business School.

Thomas Lesure—Boston Univ.

Eleanor Lewis—will go in training.

Ethel Lewis—Wilfred School of Beauty Culture.

George Massey—Eagle Knife & Bar Company.

Frances McCallion—working at Brooks School.

Marian McClung—Simmons.

Isabelle McKinnon—at home.

Eleanor McNally—post graduate at Johnson.

Virginia Miller—Mary Washington.

Beatrice Murray—in California.

Edward Naylor—moved to Andover. DAVIS & FURBER

Dorothy Nicoll — Academie Moderne School of Modeling.

Joseph Noone—Sutton's Mill.

Irene Oates—Chandler School.

Louise Page—McIntosh Business School.

Bertram Patterson—in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Rita Pickles—Pacific Mill.

Mary Plummer—at home.

Helena Polichnowski—Burrough's School of Office Machinery.

Lena Ranfone — taking care of children.

Warren Rea — post graduate at Johnson.

Robert Richard—post graduate at Johnson.

Arlene Smith—Mary Washington.

Marguerite Soucy—Mary Washington.

Robert Sullivan—Holy Cross.

Ernest Summers—Osgood Mill.

Josephine Tardiff—at home.

Irene Taylor—Hiscox.

Daniel Valpey—Northeastern.

Robert Wainwright—Navy.

Charles Welch—McIntosh.

Wade Westbrooke—Lowell Textile.

Joseph Willis—~~post~~ graduate at Johnson. DAVIS & FURBER

George Wilton—moved to Stowe, Mass.

GIRL RESERVES

Miss Ruth Gumb of the Lawrence Y. W. C. A. has organized a Girl Reserves group in our high school. Officers have been elected as follows: President, Mary Wilkinson; Vice-President, Vivian Campbell; Secretary, Marion Lund; Treasurer, Pauline Dainowski.

SPORTS

VICTORY OVER PUNCHARD CLIMAX OF FOOTBALL SEASON

Johnson High ended what looked like a rather dark season, in a blaze of glory with a thrilling 8-7 victory over its suburban rival Punchard High. The entire Johnson team played a fine game. Captain Stewart ran 79 yards for the first touchdown.

Johnson High won its opening game with Reading by the score of 12 to 0. The Johnson team played well although greatly outweighed.

Johnson High was handed its first defeat at the hands of St. James High of Haverhill, by the score of 6 to 0. This was the first defeat suffered by Johnson since Punchard beat them in the last game of 1939.

Johnson High was handed its second defeat of the season in a night game at Hudson. The score was 20 to 6.

Johnson High defeated Methuen in its annual game by the score of 6 to 0 on a plunge by Captain Stewart. Leo Lafond stood out brilliantly on defense.

Chelmsford defeated Johnson for the first time in fifteen years. The score was 12 to 6.

Johnson High edged out Stoneham by the margin of 2 points, which were place-kicked by Paul Hulub. The final score was 14-12.

Central Catholic showed plenty of power in an 18-2 triumph over Johnson. The game was halted near the end of the final period by a miniature riot.

Johnson High overwhelmed its Dracut rivals by a 46-0 score. Captain Stewart scored 4 touchdowns, Rennie 2, and Ray Sullivan 1, for a total of 39 yards gained by rushing. Paul Hulub kicked 4 points after touchdowns.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Miss Torpey, our new coach, is doing a wonderful job at coaching the girls in basketball. We do hope that she will bring us out on top.

We lost most of our last year's team, so with a few veterans from last year and many new girls who are already showing great progress, we hope to have a successful year with our coach and managers—T. Champion and F. Peel.

VICTORY DANCE

The Victory dance held at Johnson November 20, the night of the Punchard-Johnson game, was a huge success. With a record attendance of approximately four hundred, the hall was swamped and about a hundred were turned away. Barbara Earl and Betty Kreusel are quoted as saying that, while they cannot divulge the amount of money taken in, they have enough to transport the football players by bus to Boston to see an ice hockey game.

The floor was more than crowded, allowing little room for the dancers, and the music could hardly be heard above the din. During the early part of the evening enthusiastic cheers were given for Captain Punky Stewart and Coach Cavalieri. Later on the nickelodeon broke down and they had to resort to the radio.

The football players who attended were the heroes of the hour. Quite a few out-of-towners were also at the dance. Mr. Hayes found time to drop in on us and Miss Torpey kindly consented to chaperone us.

CHATTER

INFORMATION, PLEASE!

What two sophomore girls did an original dance at the Triangle Dance and attracted lots of attention? It looked to our inexperienced eyes like a combination rhumba and something else.

Can anyone impart information as to how the wienie roast the cheerleaders held the night of the Stoneham game went? We haven't been able to learn a thing.

Who is the freshman boy who loves to sing solos every Wednesday morning, first period, in Room 6?

Who is the sophomore girl who represents Johnson so well at Phillips' affairs?

Who were the senior girls who borrowed Ann La Fountain's shoes one pleasant November evening? It seems they were on a scavenger hunt, looking for a pair of clean saddle shoes and Ann's were the only pair they knew of that answered all specifications. Did you ever get them back, Ann?

JOHNSON HIT PARADE

I Don't want to Set the World on Fire — Lorraine Lewis.

Shepherd's Serenade — Anne Agey in the shower.

Do I Worry? — Thelma Champion.

I'm Just Wild About Harry — Marion Stewart.

We Go Well Together — Barbara Earl and Eddie Sullivan.

Tales of Vienna Woods — Alice Bamford.

Mammy's Little Baby Loves Short'-nin' Bread — Frances Payne.

It's So Peaceful In the Country — Peggy Greenler.

Green Eyes — Ursula Fitzgerald

Hep Cat's Jamboree — Millie Amshey and Mae Cunningham.

La Cucaracha — Shirley Hamilton.

Corn Silk — Anne Chase.

GLEANINGS

When an American young man tells an American young lady that she looks like a million dollars, she is thrilled from her permanent wave to her scarlet toenails. But imagine a young English blade telling his young lady that she looks like a million pounds.

"I do hope you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed as she paid the milkman.

"Yes, madam," replied the milkman, "of course we keep them in a pasture."

"I am so glad," gushed Mrs. Newlywed. "I have been told that pasteurized milk is much the best."

Miss Green: "What was the greatest accomplishment of the Romans?"

Ursula Fitzgerald: "Speaking Latin."

Miss Torpey: "Can you type?"

Anne Agey: "I use the Columbus system."

Miss Torpey: "What is that?"

Anne: "I discover a key, then land on it."

Compliments of

The Little Red Schoolhouse

SPORT
and
UNIVERSITY
CLOTHES

Freeman J. Davis

At
Your
Service

MACARTNEY'S

431-433 Essex Street
Lawrence

THANK YOU
for your past patronage.
May we serve you in the future?

Joe Luminello's
BARBER SHOP

Main Street No. Andover

T. J. BUCKLEY CO.

FURNITURE

284 Essex Street
LAWRENCE, MASS.

J. VENTRE

Ladies' and Gents'
CUSTOM TAILOR
CLEANING PRESSING
REPAIRING

MAIN STREET NO. ANDOVER

Compliments of
Casey's Pharmacy
47-49 Loring Street Lawrence

Compliments of
Charles D. Glennie
MILK AND CREAM
Tel. 4159

SUPPORT THE

CAFETERIA

As Did Those You Have Succeeded

Where your money's worth is assured and good health insured

THE

JAMES P. HAINSWORTH INSURANCE AGENCY

150 Main Street No. Andover

Compliments of

Caterer

Harry C. Foster

Compliments of

Hilton Oil Co.

RANGE and FUEL OIL DELIVERIES

Tel. 9354 — 30778

Washing — Range and Fuel Oils
Polishing Prompt Deliveries

TROMBLEY'S SERVICE STATION

Expert Lubrication

Ignition — Carburator and Brake Repairs

All Work Guaranteed

Sutton St. Tel. 31031 or 22582

Compliments of

Finneran's Drug Store

130 Main Street No. Andover

CARROLL and CONNELLY

Coal and Coke

24 Lawrence Street Lawrence

Phones

6763 27882

Central Service Station

WILLARD BATTERIES

Better Lubrication Service

ED. McINNES, Prop.

Railroad Square Tel. 21717

"YOU'LL FIND IT AT TREAT'S"

EVERYTHING FOR THE SPORT ENTHUSIAST
at reasonable prices, including
SKIS • SKI EQUIPMENT • SHOE SKATES
• WINTER SPORTS CLOTHES

TREAT HARDWARE CORPORATION

582 Essex Street Dial 5115 25 Broadway
Lawrence, Mass.

"The House That Stands For Quality"

CROSS COAL CO.

Oppenheim's

QUALITY CLOTHES
For You And Your Dad
567 ESSEX STREET Tel. 7045

JOHN R. HOSKING STATIONER

502 Essex Street Lawrence

Everything In Stationery
for SCHOOL - OFFICE - HOME

Waterman - Esterbrook
Eversharp
Fountain Pens

Compliments of

The Typewriter Shop

TYPEWRITERS
OF ALL KINDS

Compliments of

Longbottom's Market

Compliments of

NO. ANDOVER COAL CO.

Compliments of

Dr. F. P. McLay

DENTIST

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE ART-TEX SHOPS, Inc.

"RETAILERS OF DISTINCTIVE FABRICS"

Offer their

Greater Lawrence friends—exclusive styles in Fine Quality Draperies, Flower Garden Chintz (plain or quilted), Woolens for Ski Suits, Pearse Woolen Blankets, Percales, Sheets, Cases, Toweling, Velveteens, Corduroys, and many others.

Quality Cloths at Mill Warehouse Prices

THE ART - TEX SHOPS, Inc.

2 Charles Street, Methuen — 14 Main Street, Andover

HAVE YOUR VOICE RECORDED

Birthday or any holiday greetings may be recorded by you and sent through the mail.

Jac-Art Studios

2 Charles St. Methuen, Mass.

Voice Culture — Recordings

Mimeographing

We carry a complete line of Personal Greeting Cards for all occasions

Meagan's Rexall Store

N. B. MEAGAN, Prop.

Telephone: 28138 - 9626

DAVIS & FURBER

MACHINE COMPANY

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Preparatory, Carding, Spinning, Spooling Dressing and Napping Machinery and Supplies

---

CARD CLOTHING AND NAPPER CLOTHING

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

College of Liberal Arts

Offers young men a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

College of Business Administration

Offers young men a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with a specialization in Accounting, Journalism, Banking and Finance, Public Administration, Industrial Administration or Marketing and Advertising. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

College of Engineering

Provides for young men complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of Civil, Mechanical (with Diesel, Aeronautical, and Air Conditioning options), Electrical, Chemical, Industrial Engineering, and Engineering Administration. General engineering courses are pursued during the freshman year; thus the student need not make a final decision as to the branch of engineering in which he wishes to specialize until the beginning of the sophomore year.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan, which is available to upperclassmen in all courses, provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Under this plan the student is able to earn a portion of his school expenses as well as to make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts — Bachelor of Science

Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental, and Pre-Legal Programs Available

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Please send me a catalog of the

[ ] College of Liberal Arts
[ ] College of Business Administration
[ ] College of Engineering
[ ] Pre-Medical Program
[ ] Pre-Dental Program
[ ] Pre-Legal Program

Name.....

Address.....

.....

H-1